JUNGLE ACTION

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JUNGLE ACTION™ FEATURING:

THE BLACK PANTHER™

WRATH OF THE WHITE GORILLA!

WITHIN THESE PAGES YOU WILL MEET THE MAN CALLED SOMBRE, --AND YOU AREN'T GOING TO LIKE HIM!!

JANSON

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE BLACK PANTHER!™

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THE KILLER
THE PANTHER'S UNIFORM IS MATTED WITH DRIED BLOOD!
HE HAS PROWLED THE VAST NIGHT WITH THE SLEEK, PANTHERISH STRIDE OF THE BLACK CAT ON THE SCENT OF AN ANCIENT ENEMY... OR OF NEW PREY!
HE HAS PIERCED THE SHADOWS WITH BROODING AMBER EYES! AND NOW THE SCENT BECOMES OVERPOWERING. HE HAS FOLLOWED THE SPORE BACK TO THAT HATED PLACE...
RESURRECTION ALTAR!
WATCH OUT, JAKAK! IT'S THAT PANTHER-DEVIL! GET OUT OF MY WAY AND I'LL SEAR HIM IN HALF!
BUT HOW CAN IT BE HIM, WENZORI?
WE WERE WITH KILLMONGER WHEN WE LEFT HIM FOR DEAD... LEFT HIM FOR THE WOLVES OF THE MIST TO DEVOUR!!

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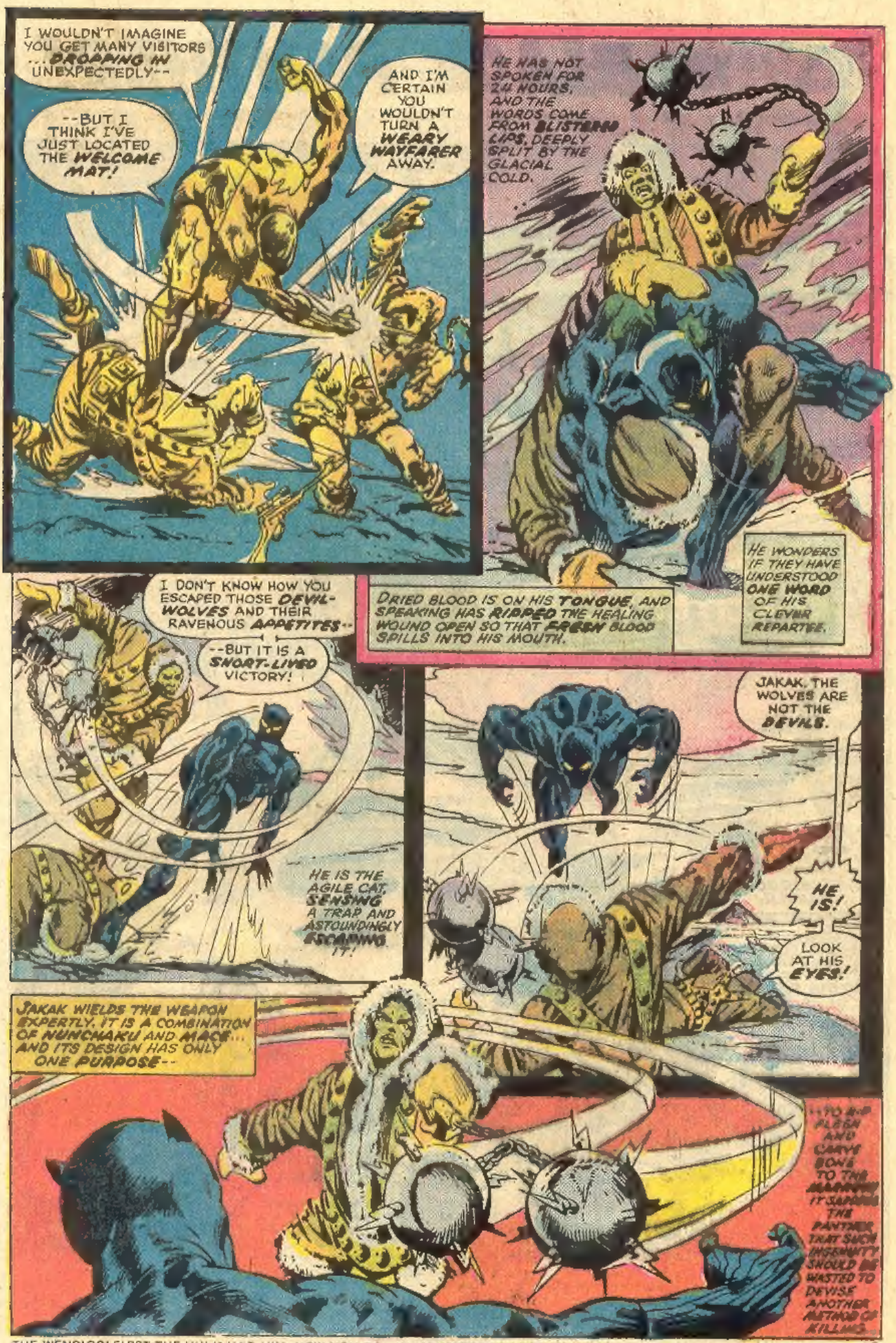
I WOULDN'T IMAGINE YOU GET MANY VISITORS ...DROPPING IN UNEXPECTEDLY--
--BUT I THINK I'VE JUST LOCATED THE WELCOME MAT!
AND I'M CERTAIN YOU WOULDN'T TURN A WEARY WAYFARER AWAY.
HE HAS NOT SPOKEN FOR 24 HOURS, AND THE WORDS COME FROM BLISTERED LIPS, DEEPLY SPLIT BY THE GLACIAL COLD.
HE WONDERS IF THEY HAVE UNDERSTOOD ONE WORD OF HIS CLEVER REPARTEE.
DRIED BLOOD IS ON HIS TONGUE, AND SPEAKING HAS RIPPED THE HEALING WOUND OPEN SO THAT FRESH BLOOD SPILLS INTO HIS MOUTH.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU ESCAPED THOSE DEVIL-WOLVES AND THEIR RAVENOUS APPETITES--
--BUT IT IS A SHORT-LIVED VICTORY!
HE IS THE AGILE CAT, SENSING A TRAP AND ASTOUNDINGLY ESCAPING IT!
JAKAK, THE WOLVES ARE NOT THE DEVILS.
HE IS!
LOOK AT HIS EYES!
JAKAK WIELDS THE WEAPON EXPERTLY. IT IS A COMBINATION OF NUNCHAKU AND MACE... AND ITS DESIGN HAS ONLY ONE PURPOSE--
...TO RIP FLESH AND CRUSH BONE TO THE MARROW! IT SURPRISES THE PANTHER, THAT SUCH INGENUITY SHOULD BE WASTED TO DEVISE ANOTHER METHOD OF KILLING.

ONE MORE WEAPON ADDED TO KILLMONGER'S ARSENAL ... AS IF IT IS ONLY THE WEAPONS OR THE POWERS THAT GIVE HIS FOLLOWERS IDENTITY.
HE POUNCES, HURTLING LITHE AND DARKLY TOWARD HIS ENEMY. THE MACE NUNCHAKU'S JAGGED BOLTS FIND FLESH AND TEARS IT FROM HIS BACK, OPENING A NEW WOUND NEAR THE WELTS THE WOLVES HAD RAKED INTO HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE.
I'LL ASK BUT ONCE! WHERE IS KILLMONGER?
DOES HE HOLD REIGN INSIDE THE ALTAR?
KILLMONGER'S GONE!
HE LEFT THIS MORNING, WITH KING CADAVER. ONLY SOMBRE STAYS HERE ETERNALLY.
HE IS THE ORACLE OF RESURRECTION ALTAR ... AND WE'LL BRING HIM YOUR BODY TO THROW INTO THE ABYSS.
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU--
DOING?
BLOOD AND DEATH? IS THIS ALL I AM TO HEAR FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS?
COULD YOU NOT FIND PLEASURE IN THE ACT OF LOVE--
--OR HAVE YOU BECOME SO PERVERTED THAT YOU FIND EXCITEMENT AND ENTERTAINMENT ONLY IN BRUTALITY?

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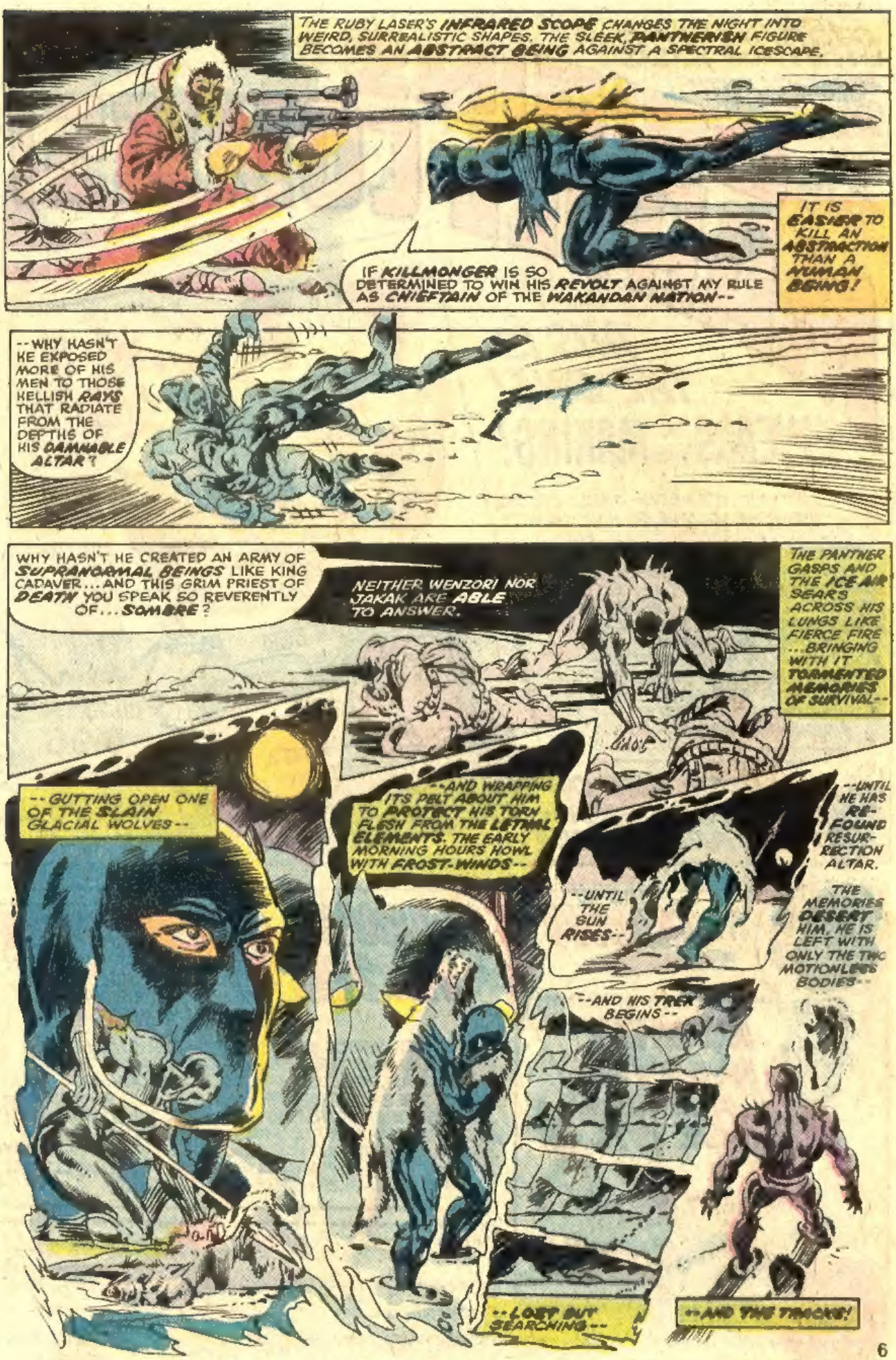
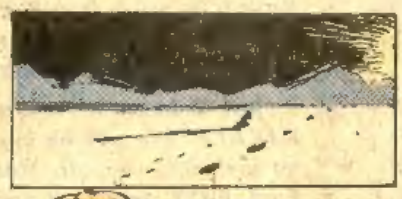

THE RUBY LASER'S INFRARED SCOPE CHANGES THE NIGHT INTO WEIRD, SURREALISTIC SHAPES. THE SLEEK, PANTHERISH FIGURE BECOMES AN ABSTRACT BEING AGAINST A SPECTRAL ICESCAPE.
IF KILLMONGER IS SO DETERMINED TO WIN HIS REVOLT AGAINST MY RULE AS CHIEFTAIN OF THE WAKANDAN NATION--
IT IS EASIER TO KILL AN ABSTRACTION THAN A HUMAN BEING!
--WHY HASN'T HE EXPOSED MORE OF HIS MEN TO THOSE HELLISH RAYS THAT RADIATE FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS DAMNABLE ALTAR?
WHY HASN'T HE CREATED AN ARMY OF SUPRANORMAL BEINGS LIKE KING CADAVER... AND THIS GRIM PRIEST OF DEATH YOU SPEAK SO REVERENTLY OF... SOMBRE?
NEITHER WENZORI NOR JAKAK ARE ABLE TO ANSWER.
THE PANTHER GASPS AND THE ICE AIR SEARS ACROSS HIS LUNGS LIKE FIERCE FIRE ...BRINGING WITH IT TORMENTED MEMORIES OF SURVIVAL--
--GUTTING OPEN ONE OF THE SLAIN GLACIAL WOLVES--
--AND WRAPPING ITS PELT ABOUT HIM TO PROTECT HIS TORN FLESH FROM THE LETHAL ELEMENTS. THE EARLY MORNING HOURS HOWL WITH FROST-WINDS--
--UNTIL THE SUN RISES--
--UNTIL HE HAS RE-FOUND RESURRECTION ALTAR.
THE MEMORIES DESERT HIM. HE IS LEFT WITH ONLY THE TWO MOTIONLESS BODIES--
--AND HIS TREK BEGINS--
--LOST BUT SEARCHING--
--AND THE TRACKS!

IT APPEARS NEITHER OF YOU WILL BE ABLE TO ANSWER FOR SOME TIME--
--AND KILLMONGER COULD WELL HAVE OTHER GUARDS AROUND THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE ALTAR. THE TRACKS POSE A MORE INTRIGUING QUESTION--
--AND IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT KILLMONGER WOULD TRUST UNDERLINGS WITH MUCH INFORMATION.
THE PANTHER IS ONLY PARTLY RIGHT!

THE TRACKS ARE GOUGED DEEP INTO THE SNOW AS IF SEEKING PERMANENCE AGAINST AN UNPERMANENT ENVIRONMENT.
THE PANTHER MOVES AS THE GREAT CAT, STALKING IMPULSIVELY.

THE TRACKS POSSESS HIM! WHATEVER HAS MADE THEM MUST BE OLYMPIAN IN SIZE--AND HE WONDERS IF KILLMONGER HAS EXPOSED MORE MEN TO THE PULSING RAYS WITHIN RESURRECTION ALTAR.



TRUE, THEY COULD NOT HAVE TOLD HIM ANYTHING ABOUT THE BLAZING COMET THAT CREATED THE CAVERN. THEY ALSO DID NOT KNOW WHAT THOSE RAYS WERE, THOUGH THEY'D ONCE HEARD SOMBRE SAY IT PULSED WITH ENERGY LIKE THAT FROM DISTANT QUASARS!
BUT THEY COULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT THOSE RAYS OFTEN PRODUCED UNPREDICTABLE RESULTS UPON HUMANITY AND THAT MOST OF THOSE CHANGES WERE DEADLY!
THEY COULD ALSO HAVE TOLD HIM OF THE RUMORS...THAT SOMBRE TAKES THOSE VICTIMS AND CARRIES THEM TO THE LEGENDARY WHITE GORILLAS, WHERE THE CORPSES ARE LEFT AS OFFERINGS.
WENZORI AND JAKAK COULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT AND OF THE RUMOR THAT SOMBRE COMMUNES WITH THOSE MYTHICAL GODS.
IT IS MORE THAN RUMOR. IT IS FACT! AND SOMBRE, HIDDEN BY ROBES AND A MASK THAT HAS BEEN SEARED INTO HIS FLESH BY THE RAYS, WATCHES MALEVOLENTLY...WAITING TO STRIKE!

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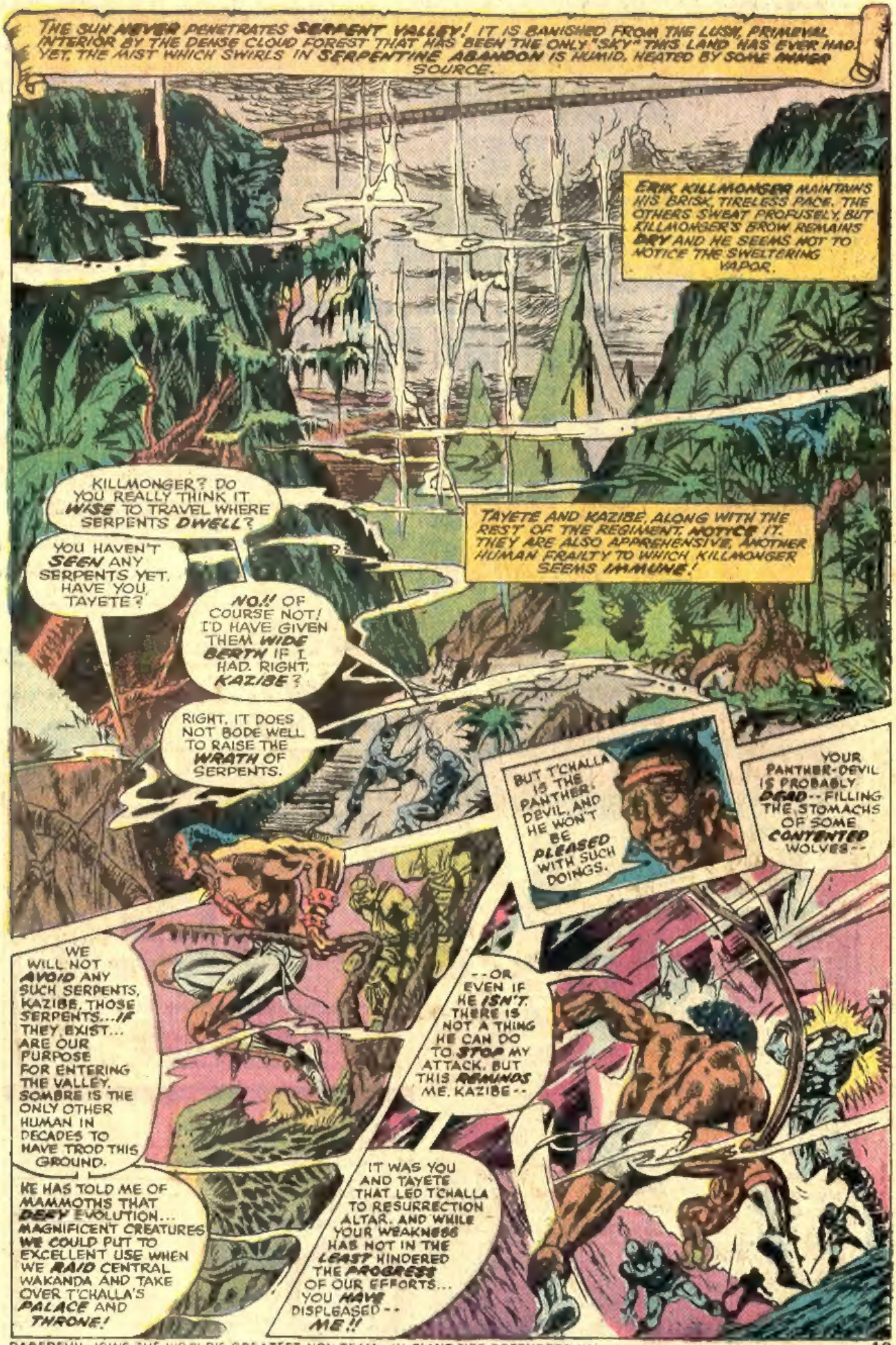
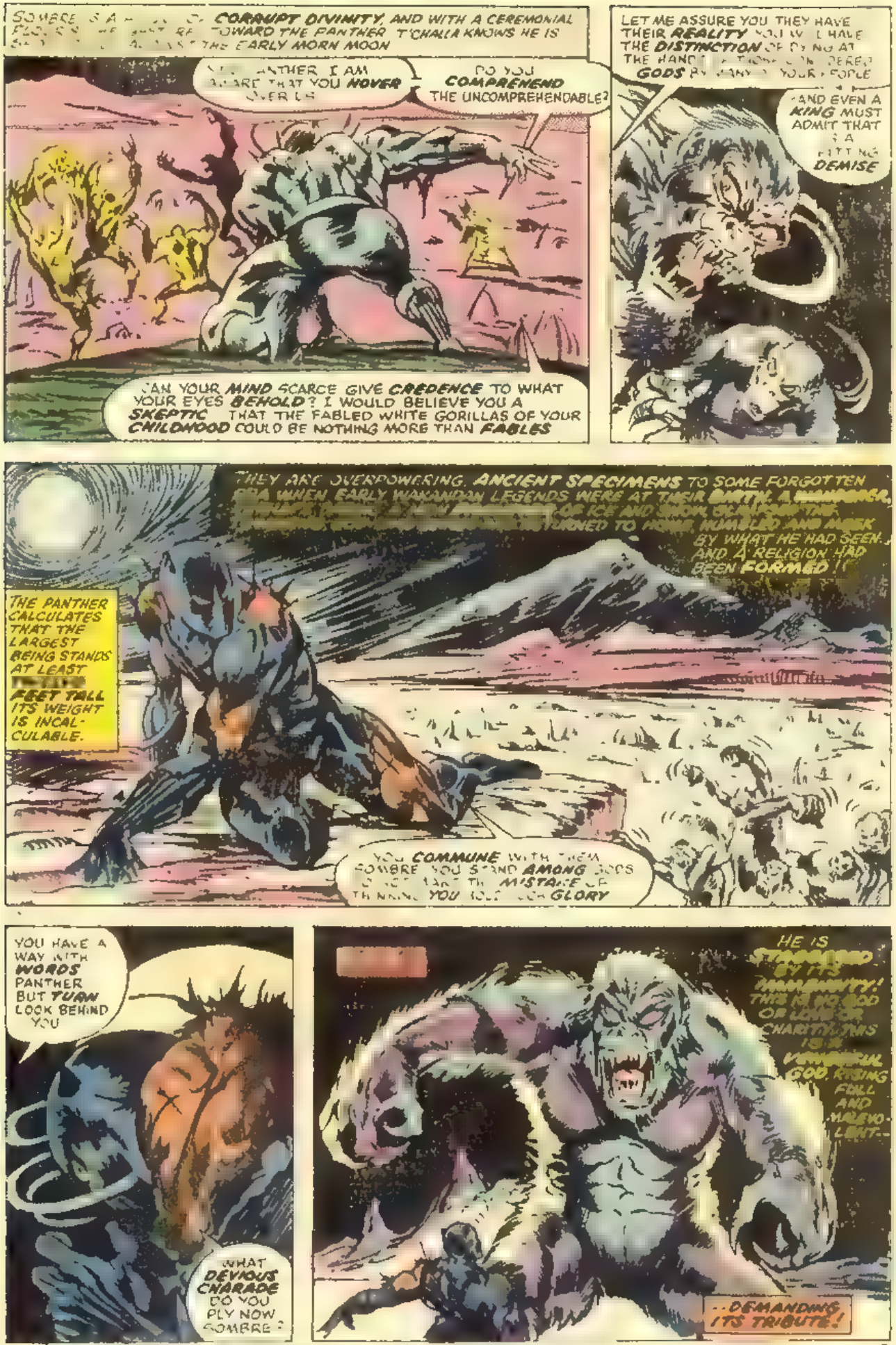

THE SUN NEVER PENETRATES SERPENT VALLEY! IT IS BANISHED FROM THE LUSH, PRIMEVAL INTERIOR BY THE DENSE CLOUD FOREST THAT HAS BEEN THE ONLY "SKY" THIS LAND HAS EVER HAD. YET, THE MIST WHICH SWIRLS IN SERPENTINE ABANDON IS HUMID, HEATED BY SOME INNER SOURCE.
ERIK KILLMONGER MAINTAINS HIS BRISK, TIRELESS PACE. THE OTHERS SWEAT PROFUSELY, BUT KILLMONGER'S BROW REMAINS DRY AND HE SEEMS NOT TO NOTICE THE SWELTERING VAPOR.
KILLMONGER? DO YOU REALLY THINK IT WISE TO TRAVEL WHERE SERPENTS DWELL?
TAYETE AND KAZIBE, ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE REGIMENT, NOTICE IT. THEY ARE ALSO APPREHENSIVE, ANOTHER HUMAN FRAILTY TO WHICH KILLMONGER SEEMS IMMUNE!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SERPENTS YET, HAVE YOU, TAYETE?
NO!! OF COURSE NOT! I'D HAVE GIVEN THEM WIDE BERTH IF I HAD. RIGHT, KAZIBE?
RIGHT. IT DOES NOT BODE WELL TO RAISE THE WRATH OF SERPENTS.
BUT T'CHALLA IS THE PANTHER-DEVIL, AND HE WON'T BE PLEASED WITH SUCH DOINGS.
YOUR PANTHER-DEVIL IS PROBABLY DEAD -- FILLING THE STOMACHS OF SOME CONTENTED WOLVES --
WE WILL NOT AVOID ANY SUCH SERPENTS, KAZIBE, THOSE SERPENTS... IF THEY EXIST... ARE OUR PURPOSE FOR ENTERING THE VALLEY. SOMBRE IS THE ONLY OTHER HUMAN IN DECADES TO HAVE TROD THIS GROUND.
--OR EVEN IF HE ISN'T. THERE IS NOT A THING HE CAN DO TO STOP MY ATTACK, BUT THIS REMINDS ME, KAZIBE --
HE HAS TOLD ME OF MAMMOTHS THAT DEFY EVOLUTION... MAGNIFICENT CREATURES WE COULD PUT TO EXCELLENT USE WHEN WE RAID CENTRAL WAKANDA AND TAKE OVER T'CHALLA'S PALACE AND THRONE!
IT WAS YOU AND TAYETE THAT LED T'CHALLA TO RESURRECTION ALTAR. AND WHILE YOUR WEAKNESS HAS NOT IN THE LEAST HINDERED THE PROGRESS OF OUR EFFORTS... YOU HAVE DISPLEASED -- ME!!

THE SPIKED BELT LASHES OUT IN COUNTERPOINT TO KILLMONGER'S CALMLY SPOKEN WORDS. KAZIBE'S FLESH RIPS UNDER THE SPIKES FROM CHEST TO STOMACH. HE IS DEFENSELESS.
KILLMONGER! YOU... YOU'LL KILL KAZIBE!
PL...PLEASE...DON'T... DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO STOP YOU.
STOP ME? YOU, TAYETE? YOU'D STOP ERIK KILLMONGER?
YOU HAVE LESS CHANCE THAN T'CHALLA... YOUR PANTHER-DEVIL--
I TREAT MY LIEUTENANTS WITH RESPECT DUE THEIR RANKS, BUT BETRAYAL FOR ANY REASON EARNS BUT ONE REWARD.
AND WHAT OF IT, TAYETE?
WHAT'LL YOU DO ABOUT IT WHILE HE BEGS FOR MERCY HE WILL NOT RECEIVE.
NOW, TAYETE... DO YOU WANT TO CRAWL?
I...I WON'T LE...LET YOU KI... KILL KAZIBE. COU... COULDN'T WE...WE TALK ABOUT THIS?
KILLMONGER'S FACE IS IMPLACABLE. HIS EYES ARE DARK WITH EBON COLD WHICH, MYSTERYINGLY, CHANGES TO EBON FLAME! HE BEGINS TO LAUGH, RAUCOUSLY.
WELL DONE, TAYETE.
YOU SURPRISED ME. I DIDN'T THINK YOU CAPABLE OF SUCH LOYALTY!
PICK UP YOUR WHIMPERING FRIEND AND LET US PROCEED. YOU MAY YET REDEEM YOURSELVES.
BUT HURRY, TAYETE. LEST I CHANGE MY MIND. COME, I'LL LET YOU HAVE FIRST CHANCE AT BREAKING ONE OF THESE TREMENDOUS CREATURES.
YOU... RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR ME.
WHAT ELSE WOULD ONE WITH MY COURAGE DO?
I ONLY WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT AT THE EXPENSE OF MY OWN LIFE.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE SKY IS SWEPT WITH AN ARTIST'S PASSION... BEFORE IT HAS BEEN SOURED!
THE PANTHER IS MOVED BY A COMPULSIVE FORCE THAT IS KIN TO THE KIND THAT DRIVES AN ARTIST ONWARD, HARDLY AWARE OF WHAT HE IS PURSUING... SOMETIMES COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF WHAT HE IS STRIVING TO ACHIEVE...
IT IS A NIGHT WHEN A MAN CAN REACH AND BELIEVE HE CAN TOUCH THE STARS--
--THAT HE IS A PART OF THE COSMOLOGICAL SCHEME OF THINGS!
A NIGHT WHEN A MAN COULD BELIEVE HE IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE UNIVERSE.
NOT OMNIPOTENT. NOT SUPERIOR.
JUST UNIQUE AND UNTO HIMSELF.
THE PANTHER KNOWS HE IS APPROACHING THE TRAIL'S END...THAT HE HAS NEARLY REACHED ITS DESTINATION--
--AND HE IS HESITANT. HIS OWN DESTINATION SEEMED INSEPARABLY LINKED WITH THAT OF THE TRACKS.
THERE IS A RISING OF UNEARTHLY VOICES FROM BEYOND, BECKONING HIM TOWARD THE EDGE--
--AND THE VIEW THAT LIES BEFORE HIM IS STAGGERING!

THERE ARE TWO MAJOR RELIGIONS IN WAKANDA. T'CHALLA WEARS THE SACRED ATTIRE OF THE PANTHER RELIGION. IT IS TORN AND CRUSTED WITH BLOOD AND SWEAT, BUT IT IS NO LESS SACRED A GARMENT.
IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE AGONY FOR A MAN TO MEET HIS GODS... ESPECIALLY GODS THAT HE NEVER BELIEVED IN!
THE REGAL, SAVAGE BEINGS THAT CONGREGATE BELOW HIM ARE THE FOUNDATIONS OF WAKANDA'S SECOND RELIGION.
THEY HAVE THE STATURE OF GODS... THE AWE-INSPIRING WHITE GORILLAS!
YOU HAVE SENSED MY PRESENCE AS I APPROACHED. AND YOU ARE AWARE THERE WAS A SECOND PRESENCE... NOT FAR FROM MY OWN.
SOMBRE STANDS IN THEIR MIDST, PURPLE VELVET ROBES SWIRLING. HE IS A PERVERTED MONK WHO RADIATES EVIL NOT SERENITY... HIS ARMS RAISED IN FALSE SUPPLICATION!
YOU WONDER WHERE IS MY OFFERING TO YOU! ...YES, THERE IS AN OFFERING.
BUT IT IS A LIVE OFFERING!
ABOVE YOU, GREAT ONES! THERE IS YOUR SACRIFICE!


SOMBRE IS A [illegible] OF CORRUPT DIVINITY, AND WITH A CEREMONIAL [illegible] TOWARD THE PANTHER T'CHALLA KNOWS HE IS [illegible] THE EARLY MORN MOON
PANTHER I AM AWARE THAT YOU NOVER [illegible] OVER US
DO YOU COMPREHEND THE UNCOMPREHENDABLE?
CAN YOUR MIND SCARCE GIVE CREDENCE TO WHAT YOUR EYES BEHOLD? I WOULD BELIEVE YOU A SKEPTIC THAT THE FABLED WHITE GORILLAS OF YOUR CHILDHOOD COULD BE NOTHING MORE THAN FABLES
LET ME ASSURE YOU THEY HAVE THEIR REALITY YOU WILL HAVE THE DISTINCTION OF DYING AT THE HANDS OF THOSE SO REVERED GODS BY MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE
AND EVEN A KING MUST ADMIT THAT SUCH A FITTING DEMISE
THEY ARE OVERPOWERING, ANCIENT SPECIMENS TO SOME FORGOTTEN ERA WHEN EARLY WAKANDAN LEGENDS WERE AT THEIR BIRTH. A MENAGERIE OF ICE AND SNOW, OF [illegible] RETURNED TO HOME, HUMBLED AND MEEK BY WHAT HE HAD SEEN. AND A RELIGION HAD BEEN FORMED!!
THE PANTHER CALCULATES THAT THE LARGEST BEING STANDS AT LEAST [illegible] FEET TALL ITS WEIGHT IS INCALCULABLE.
YOU COMMUNE WITH THEM SOMBRE YOU STAND AMONG GODS [illegible] THE MISTAKE OF THINKING YOU [illegible] GLORY
YOU HAVE A WAY WITH WORDS PANTHER BUT TUAN LOOK BEHIND YOU
WHAT DEVIOUS CHARADE DO YOU PLY NOW SOMBRE?
HE IS STAGGERED BY ITS IMMANENCY! THIS IS NO GOD OF LOVE OR CHARITY. THIS IS A VENGEFUL GOD, RISING FULL AND MALEVOLENT..
..DEMANDING ITS TRIBUTE!

THE **MEDICAL CENTER** IS A STUDY IN ANACHRONISM **MONICA LYNNE** GIVES **KAROTA** SUPPORT AS THEY NEAR THE BUILDING AND SENSES THE WOMAN'S **HORROR** IT IS AS IF THIS STRUCTURE IS A DEMON SHE CANNOT FATHOM **A DEMON** THAT ARROGANTLY [illegible] ITSELF BESIDE THE HIGH-CEILINGED THATCHED ROOFS OF THE HOMES IN **CENTRAL WAKANDA.**

THE EXAMINATION ROOMS **BLEND** AFRICAN SCULPTURE WITH MODERN EQUIPMENT **TRIBAL HERBALISTS** WORK ALONG SIDE **SKILLED SURGEONS** [illegible] EFFORTS AT EA[illegible] ARE **CULTURAL CLASH** HAVE NOT ENTIRELY SUCCEEDED

OU HAVE **MALNUTRITION** KAROTA YOU HAVEN'T EATEN [illegible] SINCE YOUR HUSBAND WAS **SLAIN** BY KILLMONGERS A DE[illegible]

WAKANDA HO[illegible]

[illegible] WILL MY SON **KANTU** ATCH [illegible]

NO NO KAROTA IT IS **NOT** [illegible]

WE'LL ONLY HAVE TO BE INSIDE FOR A FEW MOMENTS AND **MENDINAO** WILL GIVE YOU A FEW **VITAMIN** SHOTS

[illegible] VITE A MINS?

WHAT ARE TO [illegible] MINS?

[illegible] THEY'RE [illegible] UH VITAMINS **ARE** [illegible]

[illegible] RE WHAT **CURES** MALNUTRITION.

KAROTA YOU **ACT** LIKE A CHILD MENDINAO HAS TENDED YOU AND **YOUR MOTHER** BEFORE YOU

DID NOT MY **POULTICES** BREAK YOUR FEVER?

WOULD I BE IN THIS PLACE IF IT **HURT** OUR PEOPLE?

STOP! MENDINAO WHAT IS THIS **THING** YOU DO TO ME!

DON'T BE **AFRAID** KAROTA

KAROTA! THIS IS ONLY A **KIND** OF POULTICE.

YOU NEVER **STABBED** KAROTA WITH POULTICES MENDINAO

YOU HAVE BECOME AS THE **OUT-WORLDERS!** I SHOULD NEVER HAVE **TRUSTED** T[illegible] WOMAN'S WORDS

I'LL GO AFTER HER MENDINAO

[illegible] TRUST IS A **FRAGILE CONCEPT** THAT IS EASY PREY TO **DISTRUST**

CHANDRA'S MOOD IS INDIGO BLUE. THE MOMENT W'KABI ENTERS THEIR QUARTERS INSIDE THE PALACE ROYAL, THE TENSION BETWEEN THEM ARISES, AS PALPABLE AS ANY ENEMY HE HAS EVER FACED

THERE IS NO WEAPON THAT WILL STILL THIS ENEMY. IT IS AN ENEMY THAT NEITHER HE NOR CHANDRA NOR THEIR CHILDREN QUITE UNDERSTAND ...AND THEY ARE ALL VICTIMS.

YOUR SONS CALLED FOR YOU, W'KABI, BEFORE THEY WENT TO SLEEP. THEY ASK WHERE THEIR FATHER IS

I ASK WHO HE IS

I'D ASK THE SAME OF YOU, CHANDRA. ONCE YOU WELCOMED ME WITH AFFECTION. BUT THESE NIGHTS THERE IS ONLY HOSTILITY.

T'CHALLA IS GONE.. NO ONE KNOWS FOR HOW LONG. AS HEAD OF COURT SECURITY I AM LEFT IN CHARGE... WITH OUR RESTRICTION CELLS CROWDED WITH K LLMONGERS MURDERERS

I'M SURPRISED! YOU'RE ACTUALLY TAKING OFF YOUR ARMAMENT. DON'T YOU FEEL LOST WITHOUT IT, W'KABI?

AFTER ALL YOU'VE TURNED OUR QUARTERS INTO A MUSEUM FOR WEAPONS!

EVEN HERE THE WALLS CLOSE IN ON ME I WON'T ALLOW THAT, CHANDRA!

THE RATE MILITANT COMMANDS I'VE WATCHED YOU SWAGGER PAST YOUR PRISONERS, W'KA

UHHH!

WHHHARGK!

WAIT, CHANDRA!! I SPEAK WORDS THAT DO NOT EXPRESS WHAT I FEEL...AND ACT OUT OF DESPERATION!

I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR PRISONERS, W'KABI.

AND I WILL NOT BE TREATED AS SUCH!

THE NIGHT IS UNMERCIFULLY LONG!
THE WHITE GORILLA BATTERS AT THE PANTHER, AND HE IS FRAIL AND TRIVIAL BEFORE ITS SIZE AND POWER.
IN THE DAZED MURAL OF PAIN, CAMPFIRES DANCE BEFORE HIS EYES... TURNING WOOD TO CINDERS WITH CRACKLING MELODIES. HE IS SEVEN YEARS OLD AND ONLY THE SON OF A CHIEFTAIN. HE HAS YET TO WEAR THE SACROSANCT UNIFORM OF THE BLACK PANTHER--
--YET TO UNDERGO THE SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL RITUALS THAT WILL BESTOW HIS SHARPENED SENSES AND AGILITY.
HE LISTENS TO THE ELDERS TALKING. FABLES AND MYTHS WEAVE LIMITLESS HORIZONS WITHIN HIS MIND--
IT WAS BEFORE THOSE CAMPFIRES THAT MBONDIAO FIRST SPOKE OF THE WHITE GORILLAS... DROPPING HIS VOICE DRAMATICALLY FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOUNG EARS.
--AND THEY TAKE THE SHAPE OF VISIONS THAT WILL ONE DAY SHAPE THE MAN... THE LEADER OF THE WAKANDANS.
THERE, GREAT ONES! IN A MOMENT, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR OFFERING...SLIGHT THOUGH IT IS.
THE CAMPFIRES HAVE BEEN EXTINGUISHED!

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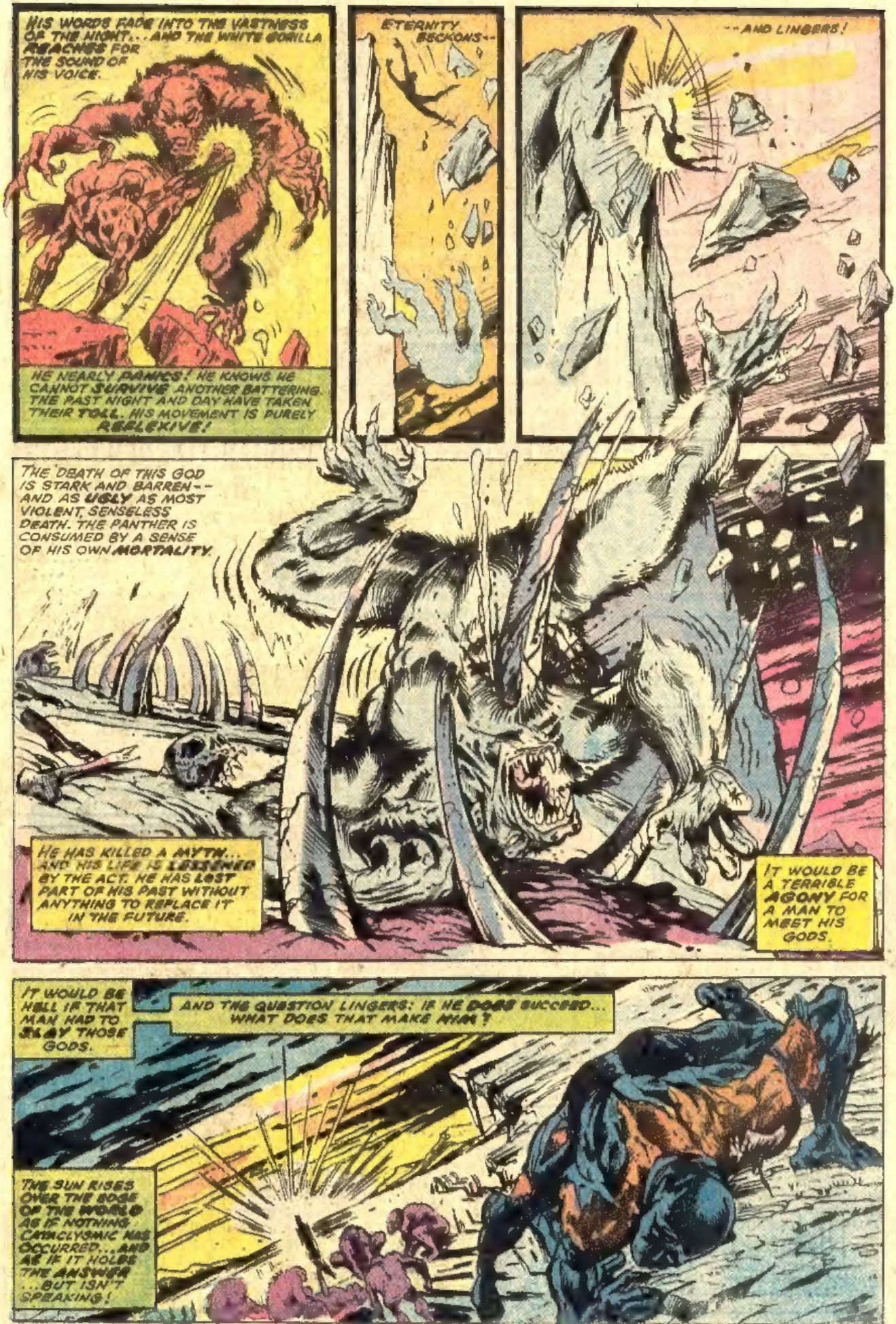
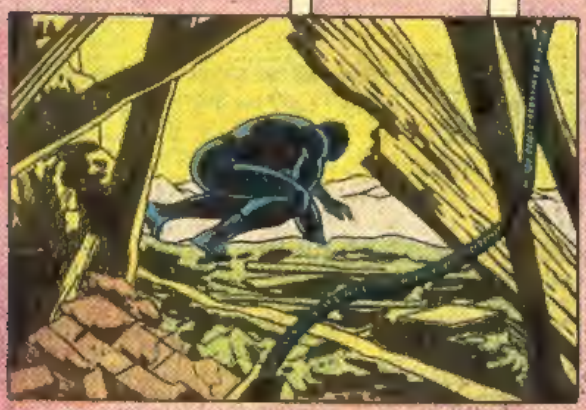
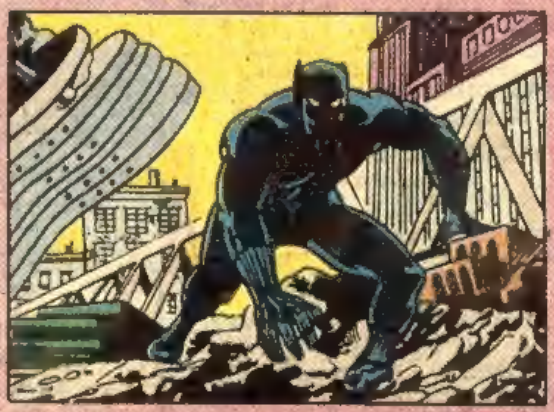
THE HUGE HANDS GRASP HIM. ITS GRIP CRUSHES THE AIR FROM HIS LUNGS, AND ITS CLAWS RIP INTO HIS CHEST AND STOMACH! HE IS AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH... CONFRONTED BY A GOD!
THE DEATH-GRIP CONVEYS ONE OTHER IMPRESSION. WARMTH! THE TEMPERATURE OF AN ANIMAL, HUMAN OR OTHERWISE!
HE DOES WHAT HE MUST... BEFORE HIS RIB-CAGE CRACKS JAGGEDLY AND HIS BONES ARE ADDED TO THE SNOW-SWEPT GRAVE-YARD!
BLOOD SEEPS FROM ITS WOUND, BLINDING IT... ITS GOD-HOOD EBBS WITH ITS LOSS.
KILL HIM, GREAT ONE!
THE BEHEMOTH GROPES ABOUT SEARCHING FOR THE OFFERING THAT HAS CAUSED IT SUCH INTENSE AGONY. IT ONLY SEEMS TO RESPOND TO SOMBRE'S CHANTS.
IT BECOMES CLEAR, SOMBRE. IT WAS YOU WHO MANIPULATED THIS NIGHT... YOU WHO TRIED TO ACT AS A GOD.
MY LEGENDS HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE VULNERABILITY OF FLESH, SOMBRE--
--AND HAVE LOST THEIR GRANDIOSE MYTHOLOGY!
BUT THAT IS A GRANDNESS YOU'VE NEVER HAD, AND YOU'D BETTER PRAY I DIE AT ITS HANDS... BECAUSE IF I SURVIVE... I'LL BE COMING AFTER YOU!


HIS WORDS FADE INTO THE VASTNESS OF THE NIGHT... AND THE WHITE GORILLA REACHES FOR THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE.
HE NEARLY PANICS! HE KNOWS HE CANNOT SURVIVE ANOTHER BATTERING. THE PAST NIGHT AND DAY HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL. HIS MOVEMENT IS PURELY REFLEXIVE!
ETERNITY BECKONS--
--AND LINGERS!
THE DEATH OF THIS GOD IS STARK AND BARREN--AND AS UGLY AS MOST VIOLENT, SENSELESS DEATH. THE PANTHER IS CONSUMED BY A SENSE OF HIS OWN MORTALITY.
HE HAS KILLED A MYTH... AND HIS LIFE IS LESSENED BY THE ACT. HE HAS LOST PART OF HIS PAST WITHOUT ANYTHING TO REPLACE IT IN THE FUTURE.
IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE AGONY FOR A MAN TO MEET HIS GODS.
IT WOULD BE HELL IF THAT MAN HAD TO SLAY THOSE GODS.
AND THE QUESTION LINGERS: IF HE DOES SUCCEED... WHAT DOES THAT MAKE HIM?
THE SUN RISES OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD AS IF NOTHING CATACLYSMIC HAS OCCURRED...AND AS IF IT HOLDS THE ANSWER ...BUT ISN'T SPEAKING!

BLACK PANTHER

Artistry





HERE IT IS, GANG, ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE FINE ART THAT HAS GRACED THE BLACK PANTER IN THE PAST. FROM AVENGERS #73, FRANK GIACOIA AND SAM GRAINGER, DOING THEIR RAM-BUNCTIOUS RENDITION OF OUR AFRICAN AVENGER STALKING THE BIG CITY.